

The Musical World.

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VOL. 46—No. 40.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1868.

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5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE. SATURDAY CONCERTS AND AFTERNOON PROMENADES. 1868-9.

THE THIRTEENTH SERIES of these CONCERTS
will commence THIS DAY, OCTOBER 3rd.
CONDUCTOR - - - - - MR. MANNS.

There will be Twenty-six Concerts in all—twelve before and fourteen after Christmas—the Thirteenth Concert being on January 16th, and the last of the Series on the 17th of April. The Concerts will commence each day at Three o'clock. The Subscription for Transferable Reserved Stalls for the Twenty-six Concerts is fixed as before, at Two Guineas each Stall.

The number and proportions of the Band will remain as they were last season, and the strength of the Chorus will be maintained at three hundred voices.

The major part of the programmes will consist, as before, of the well-known orchestral and choral works of the acknowledged and favourite masters. At the same time, the introduction of novelties, which has been one of the distinguishing features of these Concerts, will not be neglected. Each miscellaneous programme will contain one work new to the Crystal Palace audience—the composition of a living writer, or of a departed master, which, from some cause or other, is not yet known to the public.

Besides its use in supporting the Choral Works, the Organ erected at the close of last Season by Mr. J. W. Walker will afford an opportunity for occasionally introducing Solos on that instrument by the most distinguished players of the day.

Amongst the novelties which it is proposed to bring forward the following may be mentioned:—

"The Woman of Samaria," by Dr. Sterndale Bennett.

The Vikings' Chorus (first time of performance); and Ave Maria, from "Loreley"—Mendelssohn.

Symphony in C, No. 6, M.S.—Schubert. (From the Vienna treasures; never before performed entire.)

Two Duets for Clarinet and Corno di bassetto—Mendelssohn.

March, *Meistersinger*—Wagner.

Ode to St. Cecilia—Handel.

Tu es Petrus, for Chorus and full Orchestra—Mendelssohn. (First time of performance.)

The Music of "The Conspirators" (*Die Verschworenen*)—an Opera by Schubert; The Song of Miriam (*Miriam's Siegesgesang*); with other vocal works by the same master.

The Song of the Bell—Romberg.

The Mount of Olives; and the Music to the Ballet of "Prometheus"—Beethoven.

Adagio and Scherzo, for Orchestra—Rubinstein.

Symphony in E flat, No. 3; and Overture to "Herrmann and Dorothea"—Schumann.

The Violin Concerto of Herr Max Bruch—violin, Mr. Joachim; and A new Symphony in D, composed expressly for these Concerts by Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan.

Amongst a large number of more known compositions, it is intended to repeat the following:—

The Choral Symphony, and the "Egmont" Music—Beethoven.

"Paradise and the Peri," in an abridged form—Schumann.

The "Tempest" Music—Sullivan.

The Reformation Symphony (Mendelssohn), etc., etc.

Madame Arabella Goddard, Madame Schumann, Mr. Charles Hallé, Mr. Joachim, and other great Solo Performers, will from time to time appear; and the most eminent Singers attainable will be engaged for the Vocal Department of the Concerts. Every effort will be made to render the Afternoon Promenades agreeable to visitors by the exhibition of novelties and objects of interest in Art and Manufacture as they may arise.

By Order, G. GROVE, Secretary.
CRYSTAL PALACE, September 1st, 1868.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERTS AND AFTERNOON PROMENADES recommence THIS DAY, OCTOBER 3rd. CONDUCTOR, MR. MANNS.

Twenty-six Concerts between the above date and 17th April. The subscription for Serial Stalls (exclusive of Admission to Palace) Two Guineas. Plan, stalls, and prospectuses at Palace Ticket-office.

Programme for To-Day, Saturday, includes Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony; Overture, "Oberon" (Weber); Fest Overture (Volkmann), first time in England; Andante Spianato and Grande Polonaise brillante (Chopin), first time in London, &c. Vocalists—Mdlle. Sterndale, and Mr. Vernon Rigby. Pianoforte, Herr Fauer, Admission, Half-a-Crown; Guinea Season Ticket, Prop.

AGRICULTURAL HALL. LESSER—MR. CHARLES GOFFRIE.

FAIRY PALACE CONCERTS. OPEN EVERY EVENING AT EIGHT O'CLOCK. Doors open at Seven. WINTER GARDEN AND GRAND CONCERTS. GREAT SUCCESS.

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ROYAL PAVILION, BRIGHTON. WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 7th, To commence at Three.

MR. R. POTTS begs to announce that he has made arrangements with
MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD
FOR
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VOCALIST—MISS ANNIE EDMONDS.

Stalls (Numbered and Reserved), 5s.; Unreserved, 3s. To be obtained only at R. Potts & Co.'s, Musicians and Pianoforte Dealers, 167, North Street, and 106, King's Road, Brighton.

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MADAME EMMELINE COLE begs to announce her
REMOVAL to 32, ALBANY STREET, REGENT'S PARK.

REMOVAL.
MADAME FLORENCE LANCIA begs to announce
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Christ Church, Cambridge; St. Michael's, Cornhill; St. George's, Tufnell Park;
St. Luke's, Berwick Street; and Gloucester Cathedral, for the Festival 1868.

MISS EDWARDS begs to announce her return to
Town.—134, Ebury Street, Eaton Square, S.W.

MISS CLINTON FYNES requests that all communi-
cations respecting Concerts, Pianoforte Lessons, etc., be addressed to her,
27, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MISS BERRY-GREENING begs to announce that she
may be engaged for Miscellaneous Concerts and Oratorios, in England, Ire-
land, or Scotland, during the Autumn. Northern Tour in England in December.
For terms and opinions of the press, address, care Messrs. CHAPMAN, 50, New Bond
Street, London, W.

MISS EDITH WYNNE, MR. GEORGE PERREN, and **MR. LEWIS THOMAS** will sing **RANDKÖGER'S** popular Trio, "I NAVIGANTI" ("The Mariners"), during their Tour with Madame Sainton-Dolby, on October 3rd, Manchester; 5th, Blackburn; 6th, Leeds; 7th, Derby; 8th, Birmingham; 9th, Sheffield; 10th, York; 12th, Hull; 13th, Sunderland; 14th, Stockton-on-Tees; 18th, Warrington; 20th, Preston; 21st, Bolton; 23rd, Cambridge; 24th, Bury St. Edmunds.

MIDLE. LOUISA VAN NOORDEN begs to announce her return from the Continent, and that she is now forming Engagements (Oratorio and Concert) in the Provinces, Scotland, and Ireland, for the autumn and winter months. All Engagements en route addressed, care of Messrs. METZGER & Co., 37, Great Marlborough Street, W., will meet with prompt attention.

MR. AGUILAR and **Miss GRACE AGUILAR** beg to announce their return to Town for the Season.—37, Gloucester Crescent, Hyde Park.

MR. J. CHURCHILL ARLIDGE (Flautist), begs to inform his Friends and the Public that he has returned from the Continent, and is open for Engagements in Town or Country.—Communications to be addressed to Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

MR. WILBYE COOPER begs that all communications respecting Oratorio and Concert Engagements may be addressed—Adelphi Chambers, 7, John Street, W.C.

MR. LEWIS THOMAS will sing "IN SHELTERED VALE," during his Provincial Tour with Madame Sainton-Dolby and party.

MR. HANDEL GEAR begs to inform his Friends and Pupils that he has returned to Town for the Season.—66, Seymour Street, Portman Square.

HERR FORMES will sing his popular songs: "IN SHELTERED VALE," "THE MONKS WERE JOLLY BOYS," and "IN MY CHATEAU DE POMPERNIK," every evening during his Tour with Mr. Mapleson.

SIGNOR and **MADAME FERRARI** beg to announce their return to Town for the Season.—32, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park.

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Soprano.**

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J. EGGHARD.

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Published by **WILLIAM CZERNY**, 81, Regent Street, London.

THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA, Professor STERNDALE
BENNETT'S Sacred Cantata, will be performed at the Liverpool Philharmonic Society's Concert, Tuesday, October 6th. Vocal Score, 12s. All the favourite pieces printed separately. Also, Pianoforte Arrangements by W. HUTCHINS CALLCOTT—Solos and Duets. Lists on application to the Publishers,

LAMBORN COCK, ADDISON & Co., 63, New Bond Street.

S. GLOVER'S popular Duet, "WHEN SHALL WE MEET?" will be sung by the Misses WELLS, at all the Concerts during Madame Sainton-Dolby's Ballad Concert Tour. Price Four Shillings.
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To be had of all Musicoellers.

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Chantée par Madame MARTORELLI-GARCIA et Mlle. ANGELINA SALVI.

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Par **CHARLES FOWLER.**

Price 3s.

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Published This Day,

"MINE, THOU ART MINE,"

SONG.

Sung by **Mlle. CLARA DORIA.**

Composed by **JULES BENEDICT.**

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

AT MARGATE, 1868.

Would you pass an afternoon of light and shade; a few hours in which pleasure, dreariness, utter desolation, and agreeable sensations succeed each other in rapid succession—do as I did one day last week: Dine at the Charing Cross Hotel with a lively friend, at the early hour of three p.m., get through the meal with all expedition and catch the 4-15 train for Margate. Your dinner and dessert will have been sacrificed, but you will have seen enough of both to remember them kindly; the *bons mots* of your lively friend will ring in your ears long after the sound of his jovial voice has died away, and you may indulge to any extent in the “pleasures of memory,” while you are dashing along towards your destination. Part I. of your afternoon’s programme will by this means be performed; you have had pleasure in its most alluring form; it has disappeared gradually like a dissolving view, *à tempo* with your dinner, and you are now going through a short episode of dreariness—a digression, the existence of which Lawrence Sterne, M.A., declares to be so necessary to the thorough enjoyment of any pursuit. Part II. Utter desolation. Scene: Margate Railway Station at dusk. Alight from the carriage where you have been dreaming the pleasant hours away. Mingle with the crowd of dusty travellers who jostle you roughly, push you aside unceremoniously, knock you about rudely, embrace their wives and sweethearts before your eyes, puff the smoke of real British cigars into your face, swear, talk loudly generally, and avail themselves of the dusky darkness, to add to the confusion inseparable from the arrival of a train. Cat calls, whistles, Punch mouth-pieces, and other facetious noises increase the disturbance, out of which you emerge as best you can on to the Marine Parade. A change of scene certainly, and not to your advantage. Utter desolation realized beyond a doubt. Before you lies the Slough of Despond, a vast desolate waste of mud and water—as far as the eye can reach and further still—mud the blackest, thickest, slimiest, dirtiest mud ever thought of by the most melancholy poet of any time. Far away in the murky, misty distances glimmers, or rather struggles, a solitary light—the last spark of expiring hope in that forlorn landscape—or, more correctly, sea-scape—for the mud leads to the ocean—now further than ever from the Margate shore. The tide has gone out to regale itself on some fresher coast. You will look into the darkness and wonder, if you are at a favourite watering-place and at the sea-side, where the water and the sea can be. You look right and left: a long varied row of houses on each side; no gas is lighted, the only lamps to guide you are those in the parlours of the dwelling places, in which you can observe, at your leisure, tea, shrimps, and bread and butter being consumed in extraordinary quantities by the cheery natives. Strange groups are seen through the open windows. Gentlemen in their shirt sleeves smoking long pipes over the domestic tea-table, ladies extended at full length on the sofas, elderly females reading their newspapers at the imminent peril of setting fire to their elaborate head-dresses, children crowding the window-sills, girls with long flowing manes down their backs singing at the pianofortes; these, and perhaps more unusual doings you can witness as you wander in an uncertain frame of mind along the Esplanade—uncertain as to the wisdom of your having made the journey—uncertain as to whether you ought to disturb the sanctuary of the inhabitants by casting your eyes upon them in their privacy—uncertain as to whether you will remain or go back by the next train. Turn to the right and wander on unfearingly, gratify your curiosity, and study the character of the London bourgeois out of town, by taking advantage of the open windows, the lights within and the darkness without. On the jetty lamps are presently illuminated—first rays that brighten the utter desolation hitherto so crushing—harbingers of a brightness that is soon to shine upon you. A little further on and a well-known voice hails you from the balcony of one of the houses. You have been recognized by a friend. Who can it be that has located himself in such a domicile? For what purpose can any reasonable being have taken up his abode in this cheerful place? It matters not, you feel relieved, and rejoice in any change from what threatened to be a terrible monotony—the idea of passing an evening under the circumstances that have

hitherto attended your arrival in Margate, was sufficient to blast the most sanguine hopes of happiness.

“Here we are!” exclaimed the voice that greeted me. “Come in.”

Locks, bolts, and bars are unknown on the shore of the black lake; and, opening the street door, I walked up to the voice, and found myself at the top of the stairs in the arms of one familiarly called the Sultan.

“Delighted to see you,” exclaimed the Potentate, in his own vernacular; “you could not have come at a better time.”

I accepted the welcome gladly—how gladly, it is unnecessary to explain—but the Sultan’s sitting-room being as dark as night itself, I doubted the truth of the last assertion. He had been indulging in a *siesta* after dinner, and, awaking therefrom, had issued forth upon the balcony (luckily for me), to stretch his massy shape and enjoy the breeze.

“Lights, Peggy! lights!” said the Margate Prototype to a gentle shape invisible in the intense obscurity.

The command obeyed and candles brought, tea followed—a simple meal, and not intended for display; refreshing and as reassuring as the voice which had hailed me from the balcony—a voice which, had I thought of it, might have been likened to one coming from above. Lights lighted and tea drank, it became a question how to pass the evening. Conversation flagged, cigars were tabooed, books were scarce, amusement looked doubtful, when suddenly my host rose and announced his intention of dressing for the concert.

“A concert!”

“Yes.”

“Where?”

“In the Hall-by-the Sea. I and Tottie are playing there.”

Another relief, as great, if not greater, than that afforded by the voice from above. The Sultan and his son—J. L. Hatton and Master G. F. Ditto were to perform and discourse eloquent music at an evening concert. Pleasanter sensations were beginning, and the last part of my afternoon programme had commenced. The Sultan dressed—Tottie dressed—we all dressed, and sallied forth to the “hall of dazzling light,” in which sweet sounds are made, to the delight of all who love them. Before the concert we promenaded the narrow streets of the indescribable town, varied our perambulations by reading the tempting announcements of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul, and at eight o’clock repaired to the hall said to be by the sea, but which the sea leaves to be by itself for a most unreasonable time twice every twenty-four hours. Originally intended for a railway station, it is now a brightly decorated room—long and narrow—with an orchestra, or, more properly speaking, the platform, for a band erected in the middle; bright and gay as gas, mirrors, white paint, and muslin to match, can make it; brilliant within and attractive without; no greater contrast than the dreariness of the Esplanade and the interior of this cheerful concert-room. Refreshments and drinking bars at each end prevent the possibility of visitors suffering from hunger or thirst.

A capital concert awaited us. The band was good—the soloists remarkable. Miss Rose Hersee, the fascinating soprano, sang some of her most catching melodies. A clever musician is the young lady, able to accompany herself and to compose excellently well. One of her own songs, “A day too late,” pleased the audience vastly, and made a sensation—it was, indeed, one of the pleasurable sensations of the evening. Mr. Edward Howell played sympathetically, and, therefore, charmingly on the violoncello, reminding some hearers of the romantic performer described by Dumas in his *Mohicans de Paris*. Mr. Chaplin Henry sang vigorously Mendelssohn’s bustling song, “I’m a Roamer,” and a Mr. Crellin gave the lackadaisical “Non è ver” most appropriately. Mr. Butler blew his flute beautifully; then came the duet, to hear which I had been especially invited to the concert. Hattons senior and junior attacked a Hopkinson pianoforte, with an energy and combined intention to make it do duty for two. The Sultan, presiding at the bass, supports his juvenile companion with every encouraging look and gesture, cheering him on to battle with the right notes, which he does successfully, and conquers the difficult passages with marvellous facility. The young hero dashes into the heat of the conflict with unflinching ardour and confidence in his own resources. The fairy-like runs up

and down the key-board in Mendelssohn's music to the *Midsommer Night's Dream*, are managed dexterously and effectively. Well may the veteran composer smile complacently at the efforts of his offspring, who, with the experience of time and study, will prove a worthy successor to the genuine "little fat man" of our generation. The duet was hailed with applause, and the two performers retired victorious with fresh laurels on their brows.

The Sultan made a second appearance on the platform to indulge the audience with an account of the "Groves of Blarney," which was, of course, encoored, when a recreant crumb, sticking in the throat of the singer, destroyed the effect of "Tom, the Tinker," and distressed all hearers as much as the unlucky victim of the irritating obstacle.

A *finale furioso*, played by the band, brought the concert to an end. The audience then were requested to move from their places to a large saloon behind the orchestra, while the chairs and benches were taken away and the room cleared for a dance, which was kept up for an hour or longer. Ladies were made to doff their bonnets—gentlemen their hats. One couple declined to do so. Remonstrance was fruitless; the rules of the establishment were produced, the courteous manager eloquently and good naturedly endeavoured to persuade the self-willed pair to conform to aforesaid rules. In vain. The manager was defied. He proved, however, too much for his opponents. He stopped the band and left the dancers to decide the point in dispute. The question was soon settled in his favour. Hat and bonnet, by the unanimous verdict of the public, were denounced, and the dance resumed without any further interruption.

By this time a change had come over the scene outside the hall. A splendid moon had risen—gas was lighted along the Esplanade—the tide had flowed—the darkness and sadness of night had altogether disappeared. The inhabitants of the sea-side parlours had extinguished their illuminations and watched the promenaders in the moonlight from the mysterious recesses of the darkened chambers. High jinks were evidently going on in those ground floor apartments, judging from the loud laughter and sounds of merriment which issued therefrom. The stroll homewards was agreeable, still more so was the appearance of Margate the next morning. I have a prejudice in favour of daylight and sunshine, and believe them preferable to gas and moonlight. I may be peculiar in this respect, but am not ashamed of my partiality. It was a difficult matter to find a resting place at the late hour I arrived in the crowded town, but one was procured sufficiently comfortable but not so luxurious as to encourage long sleeping after sunrise. I rose early and found the muddy expanse of the previous night converted into a wide sandy marsh. The tide had gone out again and left the Hall-by-the-Sea all by itself. The sand glistened and sparkled in the sunshine, but the morning air was tainted with unpleasant odours from a mass of slimy rocks on which apparently were deposited all the odoriferous sediments of the ebbing waters. Itinerant fishmongers were going their rounds offering their stock-in-trade in the most unintelligible cries; shoe-blacks insisted upon polishing your slippers at every turn; bathing touters extolled the advantages of a bath before breakfast; boatmen of all ages pressed passers-by into taking a row. Down the High Street, towards the Jetty, tradesmen were opening their shops and setting forth their wares; the breakfast houses exhibited hot rolls, dishes of shrimps, and tempting rashers of bacon, to induce the hungry to begin the day with a hearty meal. All appetite was threatened with destruction by the noisome exhalations from the fish stalls round the harbour. Soon the street became crowded by Margate visitors in wondrous costumes: dressing gowns of all shapes and sizes, the varieties including the long and heavy shawl pattern robe, as well as the light and airy linen garment; slippers of every slipshod description; head coverings of Indian, Abyssinian, Billy cock, and every other style ever known or thought of. Here they come, out of the choked-up lodging-houses where they will have to wait hours for their breakfasts if not lucky enough to have made satisfactory arrangements as to service and priority of attendance before their fellow-lodgers.

The lodging-houses are crammed. For the past few weeks no rooms to be had. The Margate harvest has been at its height and the yield

unusually satisfactory to the reapers, who work hard indeed while getting in their crops. It seems a heavier soil to cultivate than that of any other district. Brighton is light, comparatively; Ramegate even more friable in quality. The human crop which comes up annually in these parts is rough and coarse in nature, and requires hard labour to make any profit out of it.

The day passed pleasantly, beginning auspiciously with a deep seabath followed by a meal of Oriental luxury, provided with much care and forethought by the Sultan. Margate specialties, Italian rarities, German concoctions—herrings, shrimps, salami, schweinwurst, and other trifles—were brought into requisition, furnished by native and foreign purveyors—all excellent. A sad disappointment disturbed the mind of the Thanet-Lucullus in the non-arrival of a celebrated sausage, which had been ordered some weeks previously. An imitation of a *mortadella* had been sent, and was indignantly returned by post to the nefarious Italian warehouseman, who little knew with whom he had to deal when trying to pass off upon his Margate customer a spurious polony, minus garlic, for the genuine article. The letters from this part of the world on the date in question must have been highly flavoured, to the surprise of their recipients, unconscious of what had happened to my entertainer. His house was a house of call all day—baritones, tenors, instrumentalists succeeded each other; vicars choral were plentiful among the visitors. Perhaps you may confuse these latter with the breakfast menu already mentioned. They have nothing whatever to do with it, but are those very accomplished musicians who contribute to the effective rendering of our Church Service in St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and the Chapel Royal. Montem Smith, J. Shoubridge, W. Fielding, and others, all frequenters of Margate, came to do homage to their old *maestro*. We had some music, the most charming being that made by the counter-tenor W. Fielding, an admirable singer of Lover's songs when not in church.

My experiences of Margate soon terminated. The shoeblacks, like mosquitos in hot weather, became intolerable, the street bands too numerous and noisy, the nigger melodists too facetious and familiar.

In spite of the fascinations of the Sultan's Court, after three days' sojourn I left the popular little town and sought repose from its gaities and excitement in the comparatively monotonous tranquillity of Brighton.

WALTER MAYNARD.

SPOHR IN LONDON.

(Continued from page 662.)

Artists at Private Concerts—Spohr at the Duke of Clarence's—Sir George Smart—Spohr's Benefit Concert—Singular Obsolete Custom—The Mob—An unexpected fortissimo.

"I had soon the satisfaction to find that my wife was gaining strength from the mild spring weather of England; but I adhered to my resolution not to let her appear in any concert but my own, and refused several offers which were made her. I myself, however, played in every concert at which they would pay my fee; and as this was not extravagant according to English notions, I was very often engaged, and saw my name in nearly every concert-bill of the season. I could not prevail on myself to play for money at private concerts, as I so thoroughly disapproved of the style in which the artists were at that time treated on such occasions.

We were once eye-witnesses of the shameful manner in which the greatest artists in London were used. We had brought introductions to the Dukes of Sussex and Clarence, and as the latter had married a Princess of Meiningen, we paid their Royal Highnesses an ordinary visit. The Duke and Duchess received us most kindly, and invited us to a musical party to take place in a few days, and in which they begged us to take part. I reflected on the possibility of escaping the separation from the general company which I so much disliked, and determined that if I could not accomplish my plan we would at once return home. When we entered the house, the servant endeavoured to show us into the room where the other artists were assembled, but I made Johanning give the man my fiddle-case, and went up the stairs, arm-in-arm with my wife, before he could recover from his surprise. When we arrived at the drawing-room door I gave my name to the servant posted there, and as he hesitated to admit us I made a motion to open the door for myself. Upon this he threw it open and announced us. The Duchess, recollecting the German custom, rose at once, and coming forward a few steps led my wife into the circle of ladies. At the same

time the Duke said a few words of welcome to me, and placed me amongst the gentlemen who were standing about. I was now in hopes that all our difficulties were overcome; but I soon observed that the servants did not treat us as part of the company, but passed me by without offering me tea or other refreshments. The Duke at last noticed this himself, for I saw him beckon the major domo and whisper something into his ear, after which some refreshment was speedily brought me. When it was time for the concert to begin the artists were brought in by the major domo in the order of the programme. Each came in with his music or instrument in his hand, made a low bow to the company—which, as far as I saw, was acknowledged by no one but the Duchess—and began their piece. They were the absolute élite of the London singers and players, and their performances were most charming. Of this, however, the distinguished audience seemed to feel nothing, for the conversation never ceased for an instant: only when some very favourite lady singer appeared, there would be a little hush and a few slight bravos, which were acknowledged with the profoundest courtesy.

"I was very wroth at such bad treatment of art, and still more so that artists could be found to put up with such conduct—and I had the greatest mind not to play. In fact, I hesitated so long, and so evidently, when my turn arrived, that the Duke, probably on a hint from his wife, himself invited me to play. On this, I allowed my violin-case to be brought by one of the servants, and began my performance, but without the usual bow to the room. These things were all probably noticed by the company, for during the whole time I played the room was perfectly quiet. When I had finished, the Duke and Duchess applauded, and their guests joined; and then, for the first time, I made a bow. The concert ended very soon after this, and the musicians departed. Great as was their astonishment at our having joined the company, it rose much higher when they found that we remained to supper and were treated with great distinction by the host and hostess. For this—at that time an unheard-of invasion of English habits—we had to thank the fact that the Duchess had known us in her father's house, and was aware of the respect in which we were held at the Court of Meiningen, during our residence at Gotha. The Duke of Sussex also, to whom I had brought letters from the Duke of Cambridge, the then Regent at Hanover, paid me much attention and often conversed with me. After one of these conversations on English national songs, the Duke sent for his guitar and sang me some English and Irish melodies, which I afterwards arranged in a *pot pourri* for the violin and performed at my concert.

"It was long past midnight when the party broke up; and we returned home well pleased with the success of our plan, and the resistance we had made to the existing prejudice.

"Among those who invited me to play at his concerts was Sir George Smart, one of the directors of the Philharmonic Society. He gave a series of concerts during the season, which were called "sacred," though they contained a great deal of music that was anything but sacred. At two of these I played, on which account Sir George undertook the arrangement of my benefit concert, a work of no difficulty for a native, accustomed to such things, but which, if I had undertaken it myself, would probably have cost me six precious weeks' labour. The concert took place on the 18th June, and was one of the most brilliant and crowded of the season. Almost every one to whom we had been recommended, including the Dukes of Sussex and Clarence, took boxes or stalls, and many of the best people sent extra payment. A large number of the Philharmonic subscribers also retained their places, and as the lowest price of tickets was half-a-guinea, and the room held well on to a thousand persons, the receipts were very large. In addition to this, the disbursements, which in London are usually enormously high, were very much reduced, because many of the orchestra out of attachment to me refused to take pay, and the hall cost me nothing on account of my connexion with the Philharmonic Society. But on the other hand, all the singers had to be paid, and I remember perfectly, that to Mrs. Salmon, the favourite singer of the day, without whom the concert would have been imperfect, I had to pay £30 sterling for one single air, with the condition that she would not sing till close to the end of the concert, because she had to sing previously in the city, six miles off.

"I must here mention a peculiar custom of that day at the London concerts, because, like many other peculiarities, it no longer exists. It was then the practice for the giver of a concert to present his audience with refreshments in the interval between the first and second parts. These were served gratis at a buffet in a side-room, and it was necessary to arrange beforehand with a contractor for a fixed sum, which, in my case, amounted to £10. When the audience consisted of the upper classes, whose habit it was to take nothing, the contractor did well; but if the company were mixed and the heat great, he came to great grief. But never did he do better than at my concert. It happened to take place on the very day on which Queen Charlotte [Caroline?] entered London on her return from Italy, to defend herself before Parliament against her husband's

accusations of infidelity. London was divided into two parties, the most numerous—since it included all the lower class—being on the Queen's side. The excitement was prodigious, and it was most fortunate for me that I had sold all my tickets beforehand, or otherwise, owing to this *contretemps*, I might easily have made a considerable loss. My concert bills at the corners of the street were speedily covered with immense placards announcing, in the name of the people, a general illumination of the town in honour of the day; and Johanning brought word that the mob had intended to break the windows of every house in which this announcement was disobeyed. The police force and the few soldiers in town were barely sufficient to protect the royal residences against the threatened outrages, so that the adherents of the King, if unable to obey the summons, had no alternative but to nail up planks before their windows, and thus save as much plate glass as the time allowed. Thus in all the streets, but especially in Portland Place where the nobility chiefly lived, nothing was heard the whole day but hammering, much to the delight of the street boys, who were not sparing of their jokes and taunts. While we were at home preparing for the concert, the people were pouring in masses through the streets on their road to meet the Queen. She came through the city, and, therefore, towards evening, the West-end was left in peace. In fact, we found, as we went to the concert-room at half-past seven, that the streets were much emptier than usual, and quite free from obstructions. But in every direction people were busy preparing for illumination, so as to be able to obey the order of the sovereign people when night came on.

"By degrees the hall filled with people, and the concert began. The symphony, though already known by the band, had been carefully rehearsed; it was splendidly played, and received even more applause than at the first performance. (See *Musical World*, page 662.)

"During the air which followed I returned into the artists' room to cheer up my wife and tune her harp. I then led her into the room, and we took our places to begin the duet. Every one was still, waiting for our first note, when suddenly a frightful uproar began in the street, followed by a volley of paving-stones against the windows of the side-room, which were not illuminated. At the clatter of the windows and chandeliers all the ladies sprang from their seats, and an indescribable scene of confusion followed. The gas in the side-room was immediately lighted to prevent a second attack, and we had the satisfaction to find the mob move on, after cheering the success of their demonstration, and leave us to recover our original state of quiet. Still it was a long time before the audience resumed their places and became sufficiently quiet for us to begin again. I was rather afraid that the fright and the long interval might have unduly excited my wife, and listened with much anxiety for her first chord; but it was given with all her usual force, so that I was at once relieved, and able to devote all my attention to our duet, which produced its usual effect, and was applauded at the close in an extraordinary manner. Alas! we little thought that it was the last time Dorette would ever play the harp! As to the remaining numbers of the programme, I was especially delighted with the success of the Nonett. I had already produced it at one of the Philharmonic Concerts, and was entreated on all sides to repeat it on this occasion; and as the performance was now quite perfect, I knew it could not fail of its effect. Neither did the Irish airs, which were very well received. And thus the concert came happily to a close, in spite of the stormy intermezzo. The promenade between the parts could not take place because of the damage to the side-room, and so my contractor had had nothing to do for his £10, though the stones had destroyed some of the things on the buffet.

"We were much exhausted, but were unable to go straight home, as Portland Place was still full of people; the coachman had to go by back streets and bye-ways, and it was fully an hour before we reached home. We found the whole house illuminated excepting our floor, and the landlady in the greatest anxiety for our return, that she might light up our windows also. We were just in time, as the people were beginning to arrive in the street. When, however, they found the whole of the latter illuminated, they passed on without doing any damage. But it was not safe to put out the candles yet, and it was not till some hours had passed, and the whole town was still, that we ventured to go to rest."

FRANKFORD-ON-THE-MAINE.—M. Naudin has commenced a series of representations, by appearing as Fernando in *La Favorita*.

LEIPSIK.—The first Gewandhaus Concert of the ensuing season will take place on the 8th inst.—The tragedy of *Phadra*, by Prince George of Prussia, with Herr Taubert's music, has been successfully produced at the Stadttheater.

GRATZ.—Among the papers left by Herr Anselm Hattenbrenner, who died here a short time since, there have been discovered several highly valuable original manuscripts, some of which have never been published, of compositions by Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert.

ORATORIO.*

(Continued from page 662.)

Some little time subsequent to the appearance of these two giants, Graun (1701-1759) appeared with his sacred cantata, *Der Tod Jesu*. Ramler's text to it may be considered epico-reflective. In its recitatives and choruses especially it afforded the composer an opportunity for giving vent to his ardent and pious feeling. The bravura airs, it is true, were highly prejudicial to unity of style, but the masterly character and great clearness of the choruses, and, above everything else, the simple and truly sacred treatment of the chorales, have preserved for the work that popularity which it so rapidly achieved, at a time when but very little was generally known of Handel and Seb. Bach.

Hasse (1699-1788) had already distinguished himself, both as a composer of operas and of oratorios, likewise, before Graun, and his *Pilgrime auf Golgatha (I Pellegrini)* was, in his time, considered so unrivalled, that when the Elector of Saxony afterwards desired Naumann to re-set the same book, Naumann only consented against his will to do so. Besides Hasse, we must mention, among others: Stölzl (1690-1749) with his *Maria Magdalena*, his *Jesu Patiens*, and his *Caino*; and Telemann (1681-1767) with his *Tageszeiten* (words by Zacharia), his *Befreites Israel*, and his *Tod Jesu* (words by Ramler).

It is a remarkable fact that the oratorio of a composer whom the advantage of birth, the most diversified course of study, and his particular path through life, endowed with the most delicate feelings and the most matured judgment, in the succeeding generation, is at present scarcely ever named. We refer to the oratorio, *Die Israeliten in der Wüste*, by Phil. Emanuel Bach (1714-1788).† In some of the airs and most of the choruses the German and the Italian styles are balanced with such good taste that these pieces were, at that period, unique of their kind. The choice of the subject, and the falling-off in the religious susceptibility of the public may have contributed to the neglect with which the work met; but the real reason was, probably, that Ph. E. Bach had imbibed the air of Court-scepticism in the time of Friedrich the Great, and had composed the work more from a feeling of reverence for the particular art-form, than from any sentiment of religious enthusiasm. For him was reserved another kind of fame, namely, of having been the first to lay the foundations for the instrumental music of the present age.‡—To somewhere about this time belong, also, the oratorio compositions of Rolle (1718-1785), *Abel's Tod*, *Saul*, *Hermann's Tod*, *Abraham auf Moria*; Schicht (1753-1823), *Das Ende des Gerechten*; Abraham Peter Schulze (1747-1797), *Johannis und Maria*; and Naumann (1741-1801), *I Pellegrini*, already mentioned.

The complete separation of the oratorio style from the operatic style was effected indirectly by Gluck (1714-1787). His reform of opera, facilitated by the success of Racine and Sully's dramatic works (especially *Esther* and *Athalie*) had for its object, besides the genuinely dramatic exposition of the story, and the psychological truth of the various characters, the simplification of the vocal solo, and its purification from all extravagances of the bravura air. And what opera gained benefited also oratorio. Gluck was very nearly leaving us a work, in which, with regard to choral composition, he would have approached more nearly to oratorio. This was the music to Klopstock's "Hermannsschlacht," but death snatched him away before he could produce it. Méhul (1763-1818), his pupil, in his turn, wrote a work, *Joseph en Egypte*, which, by its subject, is rather an oratorio than an opera, but avoids in the choruses the peculiar mark of the oratorio: a more than usually broad treatment of them as the many-membered variously individualized and realized unity of the Many.

The first successes after Gluck's operatic reform were achieved in the sphere of oratorio by Joseph Haydn (1732-1809). Before, however, proceeding to his works, we must notice Mozart (1756-1791) who exerted considerable influence on Haydn, as Haydn had previously exerted it on him.

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

† When treating of the effect produced by this oratorio, as well as by all these early works, we must take into consideration the fact that the chamber-pitch was then much lower than it is now. In Handel's day, it was even almost a minor third lower, so that the alto part could be given to male voices.

‡ In addition to this oratorio, he set to music, also, Ramler's *Auferstehung und Himmelfahrt Jesu*.

As intimately acquainted with the art of counterpoint as with vocal music and the modern orchestra, and equally enthusiastic for the music of the old Italians, for Handel and Bach, as for Gluck, Mozart raised all he wrote into an ideal sphere.

His oratorio, *Davidide Penitente*, it is true, does not invariably bear the stamp of perfectly mature and refined taste. Besides, movements from his earlier masses (for instance, the "Kyrie," and "Gloria," from the Salzburg Mass), are incorporated in it. But two other of his labours were destined to open up a new path for oratorio.

The first was his arrangement of some of Handel's oratorios (*Acis and Galatea*, *Alexander's Feast*, *Hymn to St. Cecilia*, and the *Messiah*), which, at the request of van Swieten (1788-1799), he rendered available to the public, partly by his instrumentation, and partly by his cuts, and the omission of certain airs. We perceive from his efforts in this respect, how, in the years of his mastery, he regarded the position of oratorio at that period, in order to adapt to the public taste and the enlarged resources of the orchestra the works of a master, for whom he really entertained a high respect.

His second effort was the creation of his *Requiem* (1791), which displays as much profound religious feeling as masterly execution, and which must not be here passed over in silence, because it is the only great sacred composition in which we see Mozart as an independent creator, after he had rendered himself intimately acquainted with Handel and with Bach. The most difficult art-forms occur in it with astounding clearness, lightness, and freedom, and at a length invariably calculated for the effect of the whole, so that the spirit of Handel and of Sebastian Bach, as well as that of Palestrina, appears, endowed with fresh youth, in the originality of Mozart.

Joseph Haydn, who was destined to survive him, had of course made himself acquainted with all the above works, which he had completely mastered till they had become part and parcel of himself. Always, even in gray old age, remaining, with childlike ingenuousness, true to his original nature, he wrote, on his return from London, in 1797, his *Creation*, and, in 1801, his *Seasons*.* Both productions breathe the same spirit of a childlike mind, delighting in Nature and her charms, pious, and fearing God, but they differ in their subjects and their treatment. The *Creation* is a genuine epico-lyrical oratorio; the *Seasons* bear more the stamp of a grand secular cantata. In the music, the art of counterpoint and of modern instrumental form is united with the melodious and charming strains of the human voice, while, in the style, we find mirrored, on the one hand, power and sublimity, and, on the other, gentleness and idyllic ingenuousness. The last quality sometimes gives rise to musical pictures, such as the roaring of the lion, and the crowing of the cock, which, it must be allowed, rather overstep the limits of a serious style; but the preponderating beauties of the works cause such mistakes to be overlooked, while their popularity has sufficiently proved their worth and their importance for oratorio.

From the pen of Beethoven, also (1770-1827), the pupil of Haydn, we possess an oratorio, *Christus am Oelberge*. In spite, however, of all the musical beauties it contains, it is permeated by a feeling so mundanely passionate, that it cannot be set up as a model in this branch of composition. But a mind as powerful and noble as that of Beethoven could not be without influence upon oratorio. His settings of Gellert's songs, which he treated with such simplicity and such feeling, have had a positive effect upon the simplification of sacred vocal solo pieces. He did not write another oratorio. His last grand Mass in D major is, from its poetical purport, and the way in which it is carried out, his most important sacred production. We must not pass it over in silence, because we may negatively deduce from certain numbers in it the limits to be observed for oratorio. During the latter part of his life, in addition to ailing health, and low spirits, philosophical studies exercised a prejudicial effect upon this work. Thus we find the Baroque side by side with what is really grand. Under this category must be classed, for instance, the passage where, in the "Agnus Dei," after a warlike solo for kettledrums and trumpet, the "miserere nobis" is sung, with the most painfully passionate accents, first by an alto, then by a tenor, and lastly, rising most remarkably in pitch, by a soprano. We frequently perceive, too,

* The letterpress for both works was founded by van Swieten on the original English words.

a struggle with contrapuntal forms, and this is prejudicial to the unconstrained enjoyment of the work.

During this classical period, and shortly after it, there were oratorios written by several other masters. Among those who treated oratorio pretty much in the style of Haydn and Mozart were Seifried, Neukomm, Zelter, B. Klein, F. Schneider, Löwe, and Rungenhagen. Friedrich Schneider's *Weltgericht*, especially, is highly effective. It is of itself a very praiseworthy work, but its extraordinary success is probably attributable to the religious elevation in the German nation immediately after the War of Freedom, and to the applicability of the story to the fall of Napoleon.

A great impulse to the production of such works was supplied by the German Musical Festivals, first instituted after the same war-period. The cultivation of the song and of male choral singing caused these works to be treated more homophonically, and polyphony to be employed in a less degree than formerly. It is a significant fact that from this time forward Oratorio has been almost exclusively German.

Spohr is nearly the same in his oratorios as in his operas. He is not deficient in solidity and depth, but he inclines to the Pleasing and Gentle rather than to the Elevated and Powerful. His *Letzte Dinge* and his *Heilands letzte Stunden*, still enjoy, however, great popularity. The former is especially worthy of notice on account of its purport, because, like Schneider's *Weltgericht*, it enters on a purely ideal sphere.

In recent times, the most important contributions to Oratorio were, beyond doubt, supplied by Mendelssohn-Bartholdy (1809-1847). He was one of those favoured men of intellect whose lot it is to unite with talent the good fortune of receiving an excellent and general education, both scientific and artistic, from the first masters and professors, and of enjoying a most favourable social position. Schleiermacher's theories and works, though this cannot be specifically proved, may, probably, not have been without influence upon the formation of his mind, while the latter acted upon the eagerness of the public, at that period, for sacred compositions. Even in his earliest youth, Mendelssohn, when studying under Zelter, at the Berlin Singacademie, had become acquainted with the most important sacred compositions of all ages. And the great zeal displayed by him in the performance of Bach's *Passionsmusik* (1827), the score of which, however, he did not, as is frequently asserted, find in the library of the Singacademie, but with which he became acquainted at the Friday practice of the Academy under Zelter's direction, shows plainly the direction he would take necessarily when composing oratorios himself. To unite the styles of Handel and Bach, or rather to return to them, to adapt them to modern taste, and apply to them the orchestral resources of the present day, as Mozart in his time had done, perhaps unconsciously, was his express and deliberate purpose. A Musical Festival at Düsseldorf afforded him an opportunity for carrying it out, and *St. Paul* was selected as the subject for an oratorio: He himself compiled a large part of the text from Holy Writ. He adopted an epico-lyrical style, as Sebastian Bach had done in his *Passionsmusik*, once more employing the chorale, both as an ideal congregational strain, and as an artistically figured effusion. Everywhere it was performed, the work met with the most favourable reception; but, on nearly every occasion, it was evident that the effect of the second part was inferior to that produced by the first. The music, however, is not to be blamed for this, but the book of the part in question, the action of which does not progress with sufficient animation. The extension of the different pieces, moreover, is not proportionate to their relation towards the entire work. The separate effect of each is more perfect than the total impression of them all, with regard to the whole. *Elijah*, his second oratorio, which he wrote in 1843, in compliance with a request from London to that effect, is, till it nears the end, when it becomes epical, treated in a dramatico-lyrical manner, and the gradual rise of the interest is more skillfully managed. The work is, also, more clearly and intelligibly written as regards the music than *St. Paul*. It has not, however, become generally popular. The principal reason of this is to be found in the mode in which the themes are conceived, which is too delicate for so elevated a subject, and proceeded from the peculiarity of his nature, as well as, probably, from the public taste, which then inclined especially to the *Lied*.

After Mendelssohn, I will mention only one composer of modern times who has been successful with oratorio: Robert Schumann.

His *Paradies und die Peri* is epico-lyrical in form, and contains both poetical and musical beauties. The story is borrowed from a religious Parsee legend and borders on the Romantic. The most successful portions of the work are romantic in their character, but the majority of the choruses, treated polyphonically, do not attain that serene clearness which is necessary for the pure enjoyment of a work of art.

(To be continued.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF HEINRICH HEINE.

By HIS BROTHER MAXIMILIAN.

HIS MUSIC LESSONS.

It was our mother's especial wish that all her children should have a good musical education. Heinrich was to learn the violin; so a master was engaged, terms and hours were fixed, and the lessons were to take place in the upper room of a wing on the garden-side of our house in Düsseldorf. This done, my mother troubled herself no more about the matter, beyond giving the master his monthly pay, and Heinrich made her believe that he only lived for his violin.

About a year after, my mother happened to be walking in the garden at the time of the lesson, and, to her great delight, heard some capital violin-playing going on upstairs. Full of joy at the progress of her eldest born, she hurried up to thank the conscientious master for his pains, but, to her great surprise, on opening the door, found Heinrich lying full length on the sofa, and his master walking up and down the room playing. She then discovered that all the music lessons had been of this kind, and that my brother could not even play his scales. The master was dismissed, and Heinrich's determined dislike to being taught music put a stop to his lessons once for all.

THE DANCING MASTER.

His dancing lessons were just as hateful to him, and ended just as abruptly. The master was a little, thin, weak, disagreeable creature, who plagued the boy with *battements* so incessantly, that he lost all patience and returned abuse for abuse. At last it came to a regular struggle, and Heinrich, in a fury, finished by throwing the master out of the window. Luckily he fell on a dunghill, and the matter ended by my parents paying him some money as a compensation. This was the last of Heinrich's dancing, for the rest of his life.

HIS INTERVIEW WITH GOETHE.

It does not say much for the great Goethe's sharp-sightedness, that he did not recognize the rising star of so original a poet as Heine, unless, as some people—oddly enough—declare by way of excuse, he refused to recognize it. Be that as it may, Heine's enthusiasm for the great master was warm enough, and an inward impulse drove him to Weimar to do homage in person to the greatest poet of his time.

Goethe received him with his usual gracious condescension. The conversation, without being exactly on the weather, turned on very ordinary topics, and they even spoke of the poplar avenue between Jena and Weimar. At length Goethe suddenly addressed Heine with the question: "What are you engaged upon at present?" "On a *Faust*," was the answer, without a moment's hesitation. Goethe, the second part of whose *Faust* had not yet appeared, was taken somewhat aback, and asked sharply: "Have you no other business in Weimar, Herr Heine?" Whereupon Heine promptly replied: "In crossing your excellency's threshold, I conclude all my business in Weimar," and forthwith took his leave.

(To be continued.)

PRAGUE.—It would almost appear as though the success of modern operas were bound up with certain singers, who go through thick and thin with the work they have chosen, till they succeed in establishing its reputation. Just as Herr R. Wagner's vocal apostles travel through the world, and are not to be dismayed by any *fiasco* (vide *Tannhäuser*—Niemann in Paris), Herr Sontheim, from Stuttgart, has imposed upon himself the task of everywhere importing Herr Abert's *Asiorga*. The production of this work is the *conditio sine qua non* of his appearance in Vienna. Of course, he sang in it during his recent star-engagement in this city.—The Management of the Theatre have just issued a circular stating that it is forbidden for any actor to appear in answer to a call during the progress of an act.

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NOTICE.

The MUSICAL WORLD will henceforth be published on FRIDAY, in time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will therefore receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this change, it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 214, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock P.M. on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1868.

THE GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL.

AS a matter of course, the late Festival made a great fuss in the quiet, not to say somnolent, cathedral city, and we are far from surprised at sundry eddyings, gyrations, and wavelets which have followed. Here is Bishop Ellicott, plunging in *medias res* with the following letter to his "dear Mr. Dean":—

"Palace, Gloucester, Sept. 22, 1868.

"My dear Mr. Dean,—Several recent circumstances connected with the Festival, and especially with the Daily Service of the Cathedral, constrain me to break a silence which I should otherwise desire to have maintained, and to ask you and the Chapter kindly to receive these few lines, and give them your friendly consideration.

"I will not enter at length into the general question of the Festival. I may say, in passing, that it is a real pain to me, as I am sure it is to you, conscientiously to differ from many of those whom I sincerely respect. While I thus differ, however, I still feel that the introduction of a few soberly-considered changes might go far to bring us all together.

"I have never been insensible to the arguments urged in favour of the Festival. The two main arguments—the one founded partly on the object and partly on the length of time which these Festivals have continued; the other on the spiritual fitness of the place for some, at least of the music performed within it—are arguments not lightly to be set aside.

"But for this second argument to have its full force, it certainly ought to be provided that only masterpieces of sacred music, in their complete form, should be performed; and further, that only those who regularly sing in the services of the Church should be admitted to sing in the sacred building. I will not, however, enter further into the general question.

"My present object is to ask your kind consideration of the following suggestions, which more especially refer to the Daily Service, now unhappily suspended:—

"1. Would it not seem desirable that the Dean and Chapter should impose some conditions before they permit the Cathedral to be used, more especially with a view to obviate any suspension of the Daily Service, whether in the Festival week or afterwards, and to secure the Cathedral Services from noise and interruption (as was the case this year) during the time of preparing for the Festival.

"2. Would it not seem desirable to commit the Cathedral during the time of the Festival to the special guardianship of some one member of the Capitular Body, who should see that the Daily Service was duly performed, and the offerings collected according to the directions of the Rubric, and to whom the stewards and managers of the Festival should be responsible for everything connected with the sacred building.

"As the preparation of the list of stewards takes place, I am informed, very soon after each Festival, and is of course followed by a formal request to the Dean and Chapter for permission to use the Cathedral, I write thus early, but in a form that does not need any immediate answer.—I remain, my dear Mr. Dean, most sincerely yours,

"C. J. GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL.

"The Very Rev. the Dean of Gloucester."

His Lordship is evidently bent on half measures, not likely to please the pietists, and positively certain to offend those who support the Festival. The former would do away with the gathering altogether, and the latter would take care to keep away from performances by people "who regularly sing in the services of the Church." With one remark in the Bishop's letter we cordially agree: "That only masterpieces of sacred music, in their complete form, should be performed," is an opinion not to be gainsaid by any one who listened to Herr Schachner's *Israel*.

"My dear Mr. Dean" replied glumly, as who should say "If no more, why so much?" Here is the Very Reverend gentleman's letter:—

"Deanery, Gloucester, 23rd September, 1868.

"My dear Lord,—I have the honour to receive your Lordship's letter of September 22nd.

"I receive it with the deference and respect due to a communication on an important subject from the Bishop of the Diocese and the Visitor of the Cathedral Church.

"I believe your Lordship is not unprepared to hear that I cannot regard the Festival as free from serious objection.

"At present, however, I am sure you will not expect me to say more than that I will place your letter before the Chapter at our next meeting.—I have the honour to be, my dear Lord, your Lordship's very faithful servant, "H. LAW.

"The Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol."

It is very evident that mischief is brewing for the Festivals, and that if they are not to be put down by ecclesiastical pietism they must be well propped up by public opinion.

Meanwhile, "A Gloucestershire Vicar" writes to the *John Bull* suggesting a new mode of conducting the time-honoured celebrations. We opine that only a clergyman, with no more knowledge of the world than clergymen usually possess, could have gravely put forward such a scheme. He proposes to have eight services in the Cathedral; each followed by a succession of "anthems, choruses, or cantatas, taken from the great composers of the Church, from Tallis downward to Goss and Wesley." On Friday the *Messiah* to be given (one part in the morning the other in the afternoon), and all the music to be sung by "200 surpliced choristers entirely taken from our Cathedral and best church choirs." He would permit concerts in the evening, when only professional artists might be heard. This is amusing, but more so is the faith in which the good "Gloucestershire Vicar" counts upon people flocking from far and near to listen and deposit at least £1200 in the offertory plates. Most amusing of all is the same gentleman's description of the opening service at the late Festival, when only 40 or 50 Cathedral singers were present. Thus he makes his point:—

"I attended the initiatory service in the Cathedral on the Tuesday morning, wishing to make, my small offering to the charity, and to enjoy a really fine service, performed by three united Cathedral Choirs. In the latter respect I was painfully disappointed. Excepting the priest's part, which was well and reverently done, the whole choral service was a lamentable failure. The Psalms were not even decently chanted; the Preces almost as bad. All that was vouchsafed to us by way of 'service' was the poor tasteless Roger's in D, and Bach's grand anthem was simply murdered."

Yet the "Gloucestershire Vicar" expects this incapacity when quadrupled to vie in attraction with the oratorios as now given.

Turning from all and sundry projected changes, we find "A Scotchman" preferring a bill of indictment in the *Gloucestershire Chronicle* against the Gloucestershire audience for divers misde-means. He remarks as follows:—

"My complaint is, that after I had come a distance of 300 or 400 miles to hear a splendid orchestra perform some of the finest music extant, such as the "Representation of Chaos," in the oratorio of the *Creation*, the overture to *Don Giovanni*, and Mendelssohn's magnificent "Isles of Fingall" and "Reformation" symphonies (*sic*), I was debarred from that pleasure by the incessant noise of conversation among many of the audience, and by people coming in during the whole time that such pieces were being performed. Now I make bold to assert that such utter indifference is utterly inconceivable in Edinburgh.

had been led to believe that we, on the north of the Tweed, were barbarians compared with our southern neighbours in the matter of appreciation of art, but my own personal experience tells me I have been labouring under a misapprehension. It was only when singing commenced that the audience, as a whole, seemed to have an idea of listening. And even then there was by no means an absence of cause for complaint. One couple behind me, for instance, during Thursday's performance of *Samson*, kept up a running fire of remarks on the music, and the gentleman went the length of favouring those around him with frequent specimens of his own powers in the vocal way. Now, Mr. Editor, can nothing be done by public opinion to stop this ill-mannered behaviour?"

Let the Gloucestersians look to this matter. If they reform themselves they will do what no other audiences have done hitherto, save, as we are bound to believe, those north of the Tweed.

Another contributor to the same paper is great at sarcasm. Take a specimen of his skill:—

"It is such a sweet thought that all this multitude has assembled in the sacred building—not to display beautiful attire and high breeding—not in expectation of any return for pious offerings—but withdrawn from the restless turmoil of the world, to listen to the noble music in which heaven-gifted men have endeavoured to enshrine the inspired words, and so, perhaps unconsciously, to draw together the hundreds of hearts before the throne of the Great Father, in that silent adoration which can only be felt, which can never be spoken. This is, indeed, a sweet thought. So also is the thought that each individual has checked, for the one day, some extra luxury, some thoughtless extravagance, in order to pour the larger sum into the bosom of the widow and fatherless. Yes! This is indeed a sweet thought. Noble souls! Boundless generosity! Witness the huge sum of eight and eighty pounds five shillings and sixpence, given by the—perhaps you think 500—no! by the 1900—not far off 2000—who came to relieve the wants of the widow and orphan! Oh! most glorious and unexampled liberality!"

We might multiply these extracts, but to what good. Presently the little storm in the very little teapot of Gloucester life will subside; and, unless Mr. Dean and his Chapter come to some wild determination, all things will go on as in the beginning.

AGRICULTURAL HALL.

The people's concerts at this hall seem to be progressing very satisfactorily. Any other result, however, would be strange indeed, such are the attractions provided. Of the place itself we have already spoken, though in by no means extravagant terms of praise. The band is one of the finest ever got together (thanks to Mr. W. F. Reed); Mr. Goffrie conducts the popular music with much success; and we need not say that Mr. Benedict is perfectly at home on the classical nights. Mr. Benedict's first appearance (he was very warmly received), took place on Monday week, the programme for the occasion being wholly made up of high-class music. It was a treat to hear such works as the Pastoral Symphony, the *Der Freischütz* and *William Tell* overtures, played, under his direction, by the splendid orchestra. Experience, however, seems to have pointed out the necessity for giving, in future, half the programme to compositions of a lighter character. The consequence was that on Tuesday last Mr. Benedict had only the first part under his care. The *Messiah* has been twice given to huge audiences with distinguished success, the soloists being Madame Rudersdorff, Mdle. Liebhart, Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Patey, with Mr. Benedict as conductor. We hope the success so far achieved is but an earnest of greater to follow. Such an enterprise as Mr. Goffrie's ought to be well supported.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD has given recitals of classical pianoforte music this week, at Ryde and Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight, with Miss Annie Edmunds as vocalist. Next week, Madame Goddard will give recitals at Chichester, Southsea, Brighton, Hastings, and Cheltenham.

The brothers Sauret advertised Patti to sing at their Munich concert, and got a full house spite of high prices. Patti did not appear; there was a row; the police were called in and finally appeased the tempest by promising that every victim should enjoy his own again.

COLOGNE.—Sig. Lucca, the music-publisher of Milan, who has purchased the right of publishing Herr R. Wagner's operas in Italy, has commissioned Sig. Marchesi to translate the books into Italian.

[Translations, by M. E. von G., from the *Gesammelte Schriften* of Robert Schumann—Continued.]

MENDELSSOHN'S ORGAN CONCERT,

Thursday, Aug. 6, 1840, at six in the evening,

IN AID OF THE BACH MEMORIAL AT LEIPSIK.

I should like to commemorate yesterday evening's performance in letters of gold. It was for once a concert which a man might thoroughly enjoy—perfect from beginning to end. It struck me afresh how one never does get to the bottom of Bach; how he always becomes deeper the more one knows him. Zelter and Marx have said much that is excellent and to the point, and yet when one comes to hear him again, one feels how utterly powerless all words are to convey any real idea of him. No! A living reproduction of his works, a performance of the music itself, is the only way; and who could do this with greater truth and enthusiasm than the great artist whom we heard yesterday, who has devoted the larger part of his life to the study of Bach, who has employed all the force of his enthusiasm to revive his memory in Germany, and has now in this concert given the first impulse towards bringing his outward image more clearly before our eyes? A hundred years have elapsed without any one having attempted this, and it will perhaps be another hundred before it is accomplished. It is not my intention to make any formal appeal in favour of the Bach memorial; those of Mozart and Beethoven are still unfinished, and may possibly remain so for some time yet. But the idea having at last been started, it might be urged upon towns like Berlin and Breslau, which have especially applied themselves to the performance of Bach's works, and in which there must be many people who know what a debt music owes to him—hardly less, in its narrower sphere, than a religion to its founder. In the circular announcing this concert, Mendelssohn comes to the point clearly enough:—"Up to the present time Leipzig can show no visible memorial of the greatest artist she ever possessed. The honour of a monument near the Thomas-schule, due to Bach before all others, has been already conferred on one of his successors. But at the present moment, when both his genius and his works are re-appearing with fresh force, and an inextinguishable passion for them is filling the hearts of all true lovers of music, it is hoped that the project of raising a monument to him will meet with the approval and the encouragement of the inhabitants of Leipzig."

That a project of Mendelssohn's should receive its due crown of success is no more than was to be expected. Every one knows how thoroughly he understands Bach's regal instrument. Yesterday he gave us nothing but the most splendid treasures, full of variety, and increasing in interest to the very close. After a short introduction of his own, he played a truly magnificent Fugue of Bach's in E flat [the so-called "St. Anne's Fugue"], in three movements, constructed on and arising out of each other; then a Prelude to the Choral, "Schmücke dich, o liebe Seele," one of the most precious and touching things that ever came from the heart of an artist; then a grand Prelude and Fugue in A minor, very brilliant, and of prodigious difficulty even for a proficient player. Here there was a pause, and then followed the Passacaglia in C minor—twenty-one variations so charmingly connected together as to keep the hearer in continual astonishment—and in which the changes of register were admirably varied. Next came a Pastorella in F, in the deepest style of which that class of music is capable. This was followed by a Toccata in A minor, with a Prelude in Bach's humorous vein. The whole wound up with an extempore fantasia, and here Mendelssohn shone in all his glory. It was founded on a Choral to the words, if I mistake not, "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden," into which he afterwards introduced the name of Bach and a third subject, working them up in a fugue, and bringing the whole together at the close in so masterly a manner, that it might be printed right off, and would be a perfect work of art. The lovely light of the summer sunset was streaming in through the windows, and on coming out into the open air with these glorious strains floating in one's head, many a one, doubtless, felt as I did, that there are no occasions happier in music than when one great master gives utterance to the thoughts of another. Honour and praise to them both—the old and the young—the ancient and the modern!

BEETHOVEN'S CHORAL SYMPHONY.

1. A DIALOGUE OF DAVIDSBÜNDLER, AFTER THE PERFORMANCE, 1833.

Voigt began—"I am like a blind man standing in front of Strasburg Cathedral and hearing the bells, but unable to find the entrance. Leave me in peace, my friends, for man is a mystery to me."

"But who," said Eusebius, "would blame the blind man because he can think of nothing to say as he stands before the cathedral, provided he devoutly takes off his hat, when the bells ring out from above."

"Yes," continued Florestan, after a pause, "Yes, love him as much as you like, and pay all honour to his never-resting moral power: but never forget that it was only after years of study that Beethoven finally attained poetic freedom. Do not search for that which is irregular in him; but go back to the basis of his creations; no need of this Symphony, however bold and marvellous may be its utterances, such as have never yet been heard, to prove his genius,—that may be done just as well by the first, or by the graceful Greek one in B flat. Never pass a rule which you have not thoroughly mastered. There is nothing so ruinous, and you run the risk of being shamefully unmasked by persons inferior to yourselves the moment they meet you."

And when they had finished, old Raro, his voice trembling with emotion, said: "Not another word! let us love that lofty genius, who looks down with such unspeakable love upon this world which gave him so little. I feel that to-day we have been brought nearer to him than before. You have a long and difficult journey before you, my lads. There is a strange glare on the sky—I know not whether it be the glow of the setting or the rising sun. Struggle to the Light!"

2. PERFORMANCE UNDER MENDELSSOHN'S DIRECTION, FEBRUARY 11, 1841.

The Ninth Symphony was yet to come. It seems that people are beginning at last to see that in this work the great man did his greatest. I never recollect its being gone into with such fire before, and in saying this I aim my commendation much more at the audience, than the symphony, which indeed stands far above anything, as I have said in these pages so often as to have left myself nothing more to say. The performance was quite extraordinarily full of life. In the *Scherzo*, I observed a note the importance of which Mendelssohn had seen at a glance, though I had never before heard it so prominent, the single D in the brass trombone, which makes an astonishing effect, and gives the passage an entirely new life (see the score, page 66, bar 3, and 67, 8).

M. E. VON G.

[It is curious to notice that Schumann speaks of the Bach pieces in Mendelssohn's programme—with which most ordinary Bach students are now tolerably familiar—as if they were previously unknown to him. He has not mentioned them all, as is evident from the following letter of Mendelssohn's, giving the number as nine, besides his own extempore fantasia.]

The *Vorspiel* to *Schmücke dich*, beginning thus:—



was one of his especial favourites (as well it might be). He refers to it in his letters from Switzerland (Sept. 5, 1831, etc.), and gives his sister the proper stops for it—namely, an 8 ft. and 4 ft. flute for the accompaniment, and oboe, 4 ft. clarion, and viola for the choral (Oct. 6), a specification which the present writer humbly recommends, with the piece itself, to the notice of organists.

Mendelssohn's letter about the organ concert is as follows:—

"... On Thursday I gave an organ concert in the Thomas

Church, with the proceeds of which old Sebastian Bach is to have a monument in front of the Thomas School here. I gave it *sofissimo*, and played nine pieces, with a free fantasia at the end. That was the whole programme. Although my expenses were tolerably heavy, I have a clear 300 thalers [more than £40] remaining over. Now, if I can repeat the joke in the autumn or spring, something smart in the way of stone can soon be put up. But I practised so hard for the week before that I could hardly stand on my feet, and could not walk except in organ passages."

Leipzig, Aug. 10, 1840.

Lampadius, in his little book (a poor, not over-accurate production) says that there were "several concerts" of the same kind and with the same object; but of these I have no record.

FLAMBOROUGH HEAD, Bart.

The Dog and Limetree, Sept. 30.]

PROVINCIAL.

CHELTEMHAM.—The second pianoforte recital by Mr. Brinley Richards, last Saturday afternoon, in the Montpelier Rotunda, attracted a numerous and fashionable company of attentive listeners, who were evidently delighted with the performances, as, in truth, they well might be, the compositions selected for their entertainment comprising, for the first part of the programme, a sonata of Beethoven's and several other gems from the works of the most eminent masters; and for the second, eight or ten of Mr. Richards' own compositions, including, of course, one of his popular Fantasias on Welsh airs, as well as his beautiful Variations on the "Last Rose of Summer," the "Warblings at Eve," and half-a-dozen other equally charming compositions—all of which were executed in the most brilliant and accomplished style imaginable. Nothing, indeed, could well surpass Mr. Richards' execution of the high-class music forming the first act of the recital, in which—*inter alia*—the Cat's Fugue a singular and difficult composition of Scarlatti's so pleased his audience that they insisted upon its repetition. The hearty applause which followed the performance of the concluding piece in the programme was acknowledged by Mr. Richards, who being recalled, favoured his audience with Weber's "Last Waltz," in graceful recognition of the compliment—*Looker-on*.

MANCHESTER.—Somewhere between 15,000 and 20,000 people were at the Belle Vue Gardens on Monday, to hear and see the hand-bell contest, and however musicians may disagree about the quality of the music on these occasions, one thing cannot be denied—that the public appreciate to the fullest the treat provided for them. The bands, ten in number, were punctual in their attendance, and, at a little after two o'clock, the contest commenced, the prizes being £15 for the first, £5 for the second, £3 for the third, and £2 for the fourth. The regulations laid down were:—Each band or set to ring two tunes or pieces of their own selection, the judges being required to observe the nature and difficulty of the pieces chosen. The bands competed as follows:—

Name and Place of Band.	Performers.	Conductors.
Leeds.....	8	W. Birch.
Wigan, Swan Meadow Mills.....	10	J. Parkinson.
Clayton West, near Huddersfield.....	10	D. Addy.
The Broseley Ringers, Shropshire.....	8	J. S. Griffiths.
Barnsley.....	8	George Wray.
Shelly, near Huddersfield.....	9	Ben. Cook.
Batley Junior, Batley, Yorkshire.....	12	John Beaumont.
Stoke-on-Trent, Staffordshire.....	9	John Clowes.
Batley, Yorkshire.....	11	William Lee.
The Ossett Ringers, near Dewsbury.....	10	Joe. Smith, Jun.

The judges were Mr. J. B. Shickle, of the Theatre-Royal, Manchester; Mr. Thistlewood, professor of music, Liverpool; and Mr. George Bentley, professor of music, Manchester. The Shelly and Batley performers were called upon by the judges to repeat their pieces, as they were for the moment undecided as to which band the first prize ought to be awarded. The final award of the judges was as follows:—The Shelly band, 1; Batley, 2; Broseley (Shropshire), 3; and Wigan, 4.—*Manchester Guardian*, Sept. 26th.

A CONCERT party, consisting of Miss Hirst, Madame Leffler-Harper, and Mr. Harper, the violoncellist, lately visited Cape Town, en route to India. A writer in the *Zuid Afrikaan* speaks with enthusiasm of their performance. Madame Leffler's "organ-like tones" were as surprising as they were stealthy, rich, penetrating, and haunting to the mind. Miss Hirst sang "The Last Rose of Summer" in accents so piteous, and in such grief of manner, that, had she been in verity that sad Irish girl, she could scarcely have depicted more truly the reality of her loneliness and her sorrow, so deep, so natural, so sweet, and so commiserative was her wailing." As for Mr. Harper he is said to have faultless execution, a feeling, rendering, and a style which is a model of finish.

MADAME PAREPA IN CALIFORNIA.

The Metropolitan Theatre was not so well filled last evening as is usual on the subscription nights when Madame Parepa-Rosa sings, though the attendance was very satisfactory to the management. The opera was Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*, and next to *Linda di Chamounix* was the best performance of the season. In the first act, when Norina and Dr. Malatesta are arranging the plot against Don Pasquale, the acting of Madame Parepa-Rosa was so arch and pleasing that the entire audience paid her the tribute of applause, and called her before the curtain. In the second act, when the plot is put in execution, and she affects the simplicity and bashfulness of the convent girl, and after the mock marriage assumes the demeanour of the termagant, it is difficult to find words of praise to compliment her for her acting. In other characters Madame Rosa had prepared us to expect an exhibition of great control of her features, but her performance far surpassed all expectations—changing her countenance with the rapidity of lightning from bashful simplicity to smiling assurance, then to fury, and back again before the dupe could turn his head. It was feared at first that Madame Parepa-Rosa could not act well enough to attempt operatic parts, but she proves herself mistress of the art. The Madame was called before the curtain three times, and received great applause for every solo; an encore was declined for "Via, cara sposino," and for the duet with Signor Testa, "Tornami a dir." Signor Testa was in good voice, and, though the part (Ernesto) is a small one, he won a fair share of the honours of the evening; the serenade "Com' e gentil," behind the scenes, was exquisitely sung, and deserved the encore which was insisted on. Signor Ferranti, as Doctor Malatesta, as usual, acted his part well, especially in the scene with the letter; but Signor Sarti, as Don Pasquale, surprised everybody by his artistic make-up and droll acting throughout the opera; in the other rôles assumed by the Signor it has appeared as if the stolidity of the characters was not at all assumed, but he demonstrated his ability for buffo parts last night, and represented the amorous old dupe to the life. We take pleasure in thus commending Signor Sarti, as he was not at first a favourite. The management will give the only opera *matinée*—this afternoon—*La Traviata*, with Madame de Ponti as Violetta, Signor Carmini Morley as Alfredo, and Signor Mancusi as Germont. On Sunday night, Madame Parepa-Rosa will give a grand sacred concert, with full chorus and orchestra; on Monday night, the long-expected *Norma*, when the holding capacity of the theatre will be tested to the utmost.—*Daily Alta* (California.)

THE RIGHTS OF ENGLISH MUSICIANS.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—The letter penned by "An Anglo-Saxon," which appeared last week in your valuable journal, urging English musicians to defend their rights, is well worth the serious consideration of those conductors, teachers, and instrumentalists who have a natural right to expect employment among the public amusements of their own country.

The prevailing system, now, at some of the West-end London theatres where managers unwisely place incompetent foreigners at the head of their orchestras (to the exclusion of talented Englishmen) is not only highly reprehensible, but injurious to the prosperity of such establishments; because the play-going public, who possess far more discrimination than most managers are willing to admit of, will, ere long, detect a lamentable deficiency in the musical setting of the pieces, which, if constructed by a clever Englishman would materially contribute to the enjoyment and success of any drama or spectacle. It is an undeniable fact, and one much to be regretted, that a foreigner no sooner gains a position at the head of a musical establishment in this country, than he weeds the orchestra of the English artists who have been most serviceable to the management, merely to make room for inferior foreign performers. Would this be tolerated abroad? Certainly not. Neither in France, Germany, nor Italy, can talented Englishmen obtain a footing in an orchestra.

Mr. Costa (and greatly to his honour and love of justice be it spoken) has allied himself principally to English instrumentalists; and where can you find a more perfect band than the one over which this accomplished conductor and musician has for many years presided? Messrs. Benedict, Schira, Arditi, and Manns, are also exceptions to my remarks on foreign usurpation and injustice.

Now is the time that English musicians need a champion, both to aid them in remodelling and establishing the Royal Academy of Music, on a grander and more comprehensive scale, and to expel foreign mediocrity from our principal theatres. Vote, English musicians, for the

candidate who will pledge himself to protect your rights and redress your wrongs!

With many thanks for the suggestions of "An Anglo-Saxon," and for your courtesy in inserting this letter,—I am, Sir, gratefully yours,
A LOVER OF HARMONY AND HOME.

September 30th, 1868.

[Let all lovers of Harmony and Home digest the above.—Ed. M.W.]

CONTRA-FAGOTTO v. OPHEICLEIDE.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—My attention was attracted to a remark in the last number of the *Musical World* respecting the contra-fagotto having been employed instead of the opheicleide at the late Gloucester Festival, and you rightly wish to know if Mr. Phasey and Mr. Hughes were inaccessible.

I beg to say that we were both accessible for what Dr. Wesley knew to the contrary.

It must have sounded very peculiar to "ears classically attuned" to hear the opheicleide part of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* played an octave lower all through.

Unfortunately for Mr. Hughes and myself, nearly all the great classical authors died before either of our instruments, or the celebrated manufacturer of them (M. Antoine Courtois of Paris) were born.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,
ALFRED J. PHASEY.

September 29th, 1868.

UNPUBLISHED LETTER FROM CARL MARIA VON WEBER.*

To HERR FRIEDRICH KIND, No. 47a, Elberg, Dresden.

MY DEAR KIND,—This wriggling out of your poem is, in my opinion, to be accounted for by the fact that people really do not know what they want; I entirely share your views on the subject. I can't well refuse, if another notion is proposed me, but I will, in any case, set your Cantata † and produce it, as an independent mark of homage to our august monarch; or, if I cannot manage that, I will have it engraved. I will write this very day to Peters in Leipzig and to Rochlitz about the matter; it might be produced simultaneously at several places in Saxony.—I am glad that you think of soon returning. Things will in any case turn out badly for me, since even in the theatre it appears that there is some project in the air, a couple of tableaux, etc. It is perfectly charming to see how everything is delayed and driven off to the last moment.—Duty—circumstances—it is all the same.

If these lines find you at our respected friend, Götschen's, give him my very best remembrances. My wife desires to be most kindly mentioned, and I remain always yours most truly,
WEBER.
Hosterwitz, 6th August, 1818.

DRESDEN.—A new oratorio, *Gideon*, has just been published by Herr L. Meinardus, who intends to produce it here shortly.—Herr Labatt, the tenor, who made his first appearance at the Royal Opera-house as Vasco di Gama in *L'Africaine*, and was very favourably received, has been definitely engaged.—The seven thousandth instrument, a pianino, has just been completed at the pianoforte manufactory of Herr Rosenkrantz. The manufactory was established in the year 1797.—On the 20th September, a performance of Weber's "Jubel Overture" was given to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its performance at the Royal Opera-house. It was composed in honour of the fiftieth anniversary, 20th September, 1818, of the accession of Friedrich August to the throne of Saxony. This fine work was written by Weber, then in very bad health, between the 2nd and 11th September, 1818, in this capital, on his return from Hosterwitz, where he had been staying for some time. The entire *Jubel Cantata* was, by the influence of the opponents of German music, prevented from being included in the programme of the Gala Concert at the Royal Opera-house, though Weber had written it expressly for that occasion. The overture alone was performed, and we all know the success it achieved at the time, and how popular it has been ever since. Is it possible to refrain from a smile when we now read the names of the Italians, who were then the favoured "opponents" of the composer of *Der Freischütz*? Besides the "Jubel Overture" the programme of the grand concert, on the 20th September, 1818, contained: air from *Boadicea*, Morlacchi; Violin Concerto, Polledro; Duet, Nicolini, &c.—all stars that have grown pale before the glory of Weber's fame.

* This letter, like those printed in No. 37 of the *Musical World*, forms part of Herr R. Zeune's rich collection.

† Without doubt the "Ernte Cantata," which was composed for the same festivities as the "Jubel-Ouverture."

REVIEWS.

Hanover Square. A Magazine of New Copyright Music. Edited by LINDSAY SLOPER. No. 12. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

THE contents of this number are of a popular kind. Admirers of Mr. Ruhe's works will be pleased with "Shadow and Sunshine," a *morceau de salon*, and those who love a pretty, graceful, and well-constructed *valse* will be delighted with the Editor's "Felice." The songs are a setting by F. Hawtree of Longfellow's "Ah, love," from the *Spanish Student*; and "Two Summer Days," words and music by Michael Watson. The former has some good points about it, though the composer has evidently not been assisted by the rhythmical flow of his verse. The latter is a simple, pleasing, Claribelish ballad, which will in all likelihood, become extensively popular.

Boosey's Musical Cabinet. No. 112. Mozart's opera, *Don Juan*, arranged for Pianoforte Solo. [London: Boosey & Co.]

THE whole of *Don Giovanni*, easily and well arranged for one shilling! Sixty-four pages of Mozart for forty-eight pennings!

Blue Eyes. Song. By JAMES L. MOLLOY. [London: Boosey & Co.]

THIS is a song in three flats, with a compass of eleven notes (D to G). It sings the praises of blue-eyes.

Etude (in E). For the Pianoforte. Composed and dedicated to W. G. Cusin, Esq., by CLAUDIUS H. COULDERY. [London: Lamborn Cock, Addison, & Co.]

A WELL-MADE study for *Leider ohne Worte*. The young pianist who masters it will be qualified to try his hands at Mendelssohn. The more of such works—written with a purpose and able to secure it—the better.

Boosey's Sacred Musical Cabinet. A Library of Music for Voice, Pianoforte, Harmonium, and Organ. No. 1. Sacred Songs by CLARIBEL. [London: Boosey & Co.]

YET another adventure by the enterprising Holles Street publishers. The number before us is in all respects well got up. It contains twenty-four sacred songs by the most popular of modern song writers, and its price is one shilling—or one composition (by Claribel) for a half-penny. Surely this must be cheapness itself.

The Passing Bell. Sacred song. Words by B. H. Music composed by CLARIBEL. [London: Boosey & Co.]

THE "fitness of things" has been recognized in the melody of this song, which is nearly as monotonous as the "passing bell" itself. We are unable to praise anything in connexion with the piece save the title-page, the design and execution of which are alike beautiful.

The Golden Beauty Waltz. By CHARLES GODFREY. [London: Duff and Stewart.]

THE making of popular waltzes seems to run in the blood of the Godfreys, and this latest effusion by Charles of that ilk bids fair to be as popular as any among its predecessors. There is plenty of tune in it, and that of an agreeable sort.

The Golden Heart Song. Poetry by ADELAIDE ANN PROCTER. Music by G. A. MACFARREN. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

IT being very certain that the people will have simple ballads, we wish musicians of such calibre as Mr. Macfarren would sometimes wile away a leisure hour by writing them. Need we say that "The Golden Heart" is marked by taste and skill, or that it is a most excellent song? *Chant du Soir.* Idylle for the Pianoforte. By J. BOSCOVITZ. [London: Boosey & Co.]

AN easy and agreeable little piece (in A) likely to be useful for teaching purposes.

Rose et Papillon. Caprice Etude pour le Piano. Par J. BOSCOVITZ. [London: Boosey & Co.]

RATHER more difficult than the preceding. A good exercise, and a pleasant.

Maiden Hair Valse. By J. C. RICHE. [London: Boosey & Co.]

OF average merit. The publishers may pride themselves upon the chaste elegance of the title-page.

Doux Souvenirs. Reverie, composé pour le Piano par F. V. KORNATZKI. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

AN *andante cantabile*—melody for right hand—arpeggio bass—key D flat—style languishing.

The Soldiers of Our Land. National Song, with Chorus; and *The Gallant Tars of England.* National Song. Words by J. E. CARPENTER; music by J. L. HATTON, author of "Our Dear Old Church of England." [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

Mr. Hatton has been going largely into the patriotic line of business lately, and we hope he will largely prosper. That the veteran songwriter deserves success, the pieces before us show. They are full of fire and energy, the melodies have the true national ring about them, and the accompaniments proclaim the handiwork of a master.

WAIFS.

Mdlle. Orgeni is now in Paris.

Signor Verdi is taking sulphur baths at Tobiano.

Sivori has gone to Italy, where he proposes to spend some months.

A nameless *maitre* of Naples has composed an opera called *Le Diable*.

A new theatre is to be erected in the Boulevard Haussmann. How many more?

Madame Arabella Goddard will give a recital at Cheltenham on Saturday next.

The Opera-Comique was crowded at the reproduction of *Le Premier Jour* last week.

Ricci's new opera, to be produced next season at St. Petersburg, is entitled *La Czarina*.

Signor Petrella is writing a new opera for San Carlo, Naples. It is titled *Jeanne II. de Naples*.

Offenbach's *Belle Hélène* was produced at the Neapolitan Teatro-Nuovo, on the 19th ult.

Miss Glyn (Mrs. E. S. Dallas) commences her "Shakespearean readings" at Sunderland next Thursday.

The Concerts Populaires will recommence, under the direction of M. Pasdeloup, on the 12th inst.

M. Auer has entered upon the duties of professor of the violin at the St. Petersburg Conservatoire.

Madame Rey-Balla, late of the Royal Italian Opera, is engaged for the next season at San Carlos, Lisbon.

Mdlle. Krauss, Signor Tamberlick, and Signor Scalese have left Paris to fulfil an engagement at Madrid.

M. Carvalho has determined to take his quarrel with the Grand Opéra about *Faust* before the tribunals.

Mdlle. Dor, late of the Royal Italian Opera, has appeared at St. Petersburg in *Le Corsair* with much success.

The New York *Weekly Review* says that Miss Kellogg has been engaged by Mr. Max Strakosch for a concert tour in the United States.

Carlo Pedrotti has written a new opera in four acts (libretto by Piavé) entitled *Olema*. It will be performed in the winter at the Fenice Venice.

Before leaving Homburg, Madame Patti signed an engagement for fourteen performances in that town during August and September of next year.

M. Gassier is now at Madrid. He is engaged at the opera at St. Petersburg for the ensuing season. Mdlle. Gassier, his daughter, is reported to be an excellent musician and a first-rate pianist.

The *Gazette Musicale* states that Miss Minnie Hauk has been engaged by Mr. Mapleson to appear at Covent Garden from October 26th to November 30th. On December 20th she is due at the Italiens.

The chorister who was supposed by Signor Mongini to be an assassin, hearing that Signor was so alarmed that he took to flight, falling down a flight of stairs and grievously injuring himself.

Mr. David Miranda (the tenor singer), pupil of Mr. Howard Glover, will shortly join an operatic and concert troupe now at the Cape of Good Hope, and afterwards proceed to India, China, and Japan.

Miss Rose Hersee played, for the first time, the part of the Queen in *Les Huguenots* on Monday night at the Theatre-Royal, Dublin, and made a great hit in the grand duet with Raoul (Signor Mongini).

Mr. John Francis Barnett's cantata, *The Ancient Mariner*, is to be performed with full band and chorus, of upwards of 250 performers, under the direction of the composer, at Leicester, Thursday, October 8th, on the occasion of the "Nicholson Testimonial." The orchestra will be composed of most of the leading members of the Royal Italian Opera, Philharmonic Societies, &c., &c.

Mr. Longfellow, the popular American poet, is now, as is generally known, an honoured guest in this country. One object of his coming is to superintend the publication, here, of his forthcoming production, entitled *New England Tragedies*. This is the first of Mr. Longfellow's works of which he has been enabled, in consequence of a recent decision in the House of Lords, to secure a copyright in Great Britain, and we understand that Messrs. Routledge and Sons have acquired the sole right of publishing the work, on terms so liberal as to have given the author much satisfaction. The volume will appear on the 10th of October.

M. Bagier has written to the editor of *La Gazette des Etranger*, (Baden) contradicting a report that Madame Patti will sing three times at Brussels during November. The editor replies that "November" was printed in mistake for December; that Madame Patti will pause at Brussels in her flight to St. Petersburg, and that consequently M. Bagier is right, while he (the editor) is not wrong.

A contemporary enlarges on the advantages of having a high C in one's voice. It is, of course, more useful than having one's voice in a high C—unless one is the skipper of a big ship. But our friend goes on to speak of the good fortune of M. Wachtel, who, having a few years ago been a cab-driver, has recently given fifty thousand florins for a villa at Wiesbaden. Of course it was to be expected that he would make more by his singing than by his calling.—*Fun*.

The trial of the selected candidates to fill the vacant stalls in the choir of Eton College Chapel, took place on Thursday and Friday, 24th and 25th Sept. in the chapel of the College, before the Provost, Fellows, and Dr. Hayne, organist, assisted by Dr. Elvey, of Windsor, and Dr. Corfe, of Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford, when Mr. Trenham (alto), of Bilton, Yorkshire; Mr. Mellor of Carlisle Cathedral; Mr. G. A. Byron (tenor); and Mr. Orlando Christian (basso), of the choir of St. Andrew's, Wells Street, London, were elected. Messrs Byron and Christian are pupils of Signor Alberto Randegger.

The first appearance in Ireland of Miss Rose Hersee, at the Italian Opera Concert given on Friday at the Exhibition Palace Dublin, was attended with brilliant success; her song being so warmly re-demanded that, after returning to the platform to acknowledge the applause, she was compelled again to come forward and repeat the last two verses. *The Dublin Freeman's Journal* says:—

"The honour of singing the only Irish melody in the selection was bestowed on Miss Hersee; the one she fixed upon was 'Rich and Rare.' She sang it very sweetly and very simply, that is, singing it just as she found it, importing no improvements into it; and met with an earnest and determined encore which could not be refused."

A fortnight since we mentioned the success, in a musical point of view, of a concert given in aid of the funds of the Fermanagh Protestant Orphan Asylum, under the direction of Miss Edwards of London, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Bloomfield of Castle Caldwell. The result has been equally successful pecuniarily, a sum of nearly nineteen pounds having been realized after paying expenses. *The Enniskillen Advertiser*, in noticing the concert, pays a high tribute of praise to Miss Edwards, and in mentioning the part she took in the performance writes—"After accompanying herself in 'To him I gave my Heart,' by Signor Bevilgiani, she was vigorously encored, and sang 'Oft, in the stilly night,' in a manner that was to us delicious. There is something bewitching in the simple airs, the 'Old Songs of our Land' that may have been carolled centuries ago along the grove shores of Lough Erne; we could have listened, from daylight's sinking to morning's beaming, to Miss Edwards singing the old melodies as she sang 'Oft, in the stilly night.'"

Herr Carl Formes is reaping fresh laurels at the Dublin Theatre. Of his Leporello, the *Daily Express* observes:—"Herr Formes possesses more drollery than most Leporellos, but knows how to be solemn in the right place. He was admirably suited to the part." The same paper speaks thus of his Figaro:—"A most cordial reception, in which the musical public will unhesitatingly coincide, was accorded to Herr Formes, who sustained the rôle of Figaro with remarkable success. His magnificent voice has lost none of its depth, purity, and power, and, although he was suffering from a severe cold, his execution was highly effective. The character is one which affords a severe test both of the vocal and histrionic powers, and its delineation was certainly such as to raise Herr Formes in the estimation of his admirers. His rendering of 'Se vuol ballare' was very effective, and instinct with the humorous gaiety of the theme, while his spirited and masterly delivery of the 'Non più audrai' evoked unbounded applause. An apology had to be made for the omission of 'Aprite un po' quegli occhi,' in consequence of his hoarseness; but, on the whole, the warmest praise must be awarded to Herr Formes, no less for the correctness and taste which characterized his execution than for the rare ability with which he delineated the grotesque humour and irrepressible gaiety of the worthy Figaro."

HAMBURG.—Madame Adelina Patti is announced to re-appear in M. Gounod's *Faust*. She will be supported by Signor Nicolini, who is to receive 2500 thalers for two performances.—Herr Wieprecht, band-master-in-chief of the Prussian army, lately gave two open-air concerts with the two military bands that gained the prize, last year, in Paris. Despite the coldness of the weather, the attendance of the public was very great, and the applause enthusiastic.

PESTH.—Herr Niemann has been announced to give a series of performances. He began by appearing as Masaniello in *La Muette*, but his voice was so fatigued, from overwork, probably, that he achieved anything but a triumph.

MUNICH.—At the Royal Opera-house Herr R. Wagner's *Meistersinger* is again in active rehearsal, but on this occasion all the characters are sustained by members of the regular company. Herr Kindermann is cast for the part of Hans Sachs, at first sung by Herr Betz, from Berlin, and Herr Sigl for that of Beckmesser. It is thought that the first performance will take place some time during the present month.—This capital continues to furnish plenty of occupation and amusement for the lovers of scandal. On the 13th ult., Mdlle. Mathilde Mallinger, the spoilt favourite of the Munich public, crowned her *liaison* with Herr Duringsfeld, the actor, by being betrothed to him, and their approaching union has already given rise to a shameful paper war. She was advertised to appear, the same evening, in *Les Huguenots*, and people flocked from far and near to see her, but, at the last moment, it was officially announced that she was ill, and the performance was changed.—On the same day a *Matinée*, in which Mdlle. Adelina Patti would sing, was announced by the Brothers Sauret, from Paris, the price of admission being three florins. The concert-room was filled to overflowing, when suddenly a pretended telegraphic message was circulated among the audience, stating that the lady had been ordered to Darmstadt. Meanwhile the concert-givers had disappeared with a large booty. The police are on their track.

AN INTERESTING DOCUMENT.—The Paris opera was established by the following edict—remarkable for its ingenious and patriarchal tone—which was issued by Charles IX. in 1570:—"We, Charles, by the grace of God, King of France, send greeting to all men now living and to come. As we have ever made it our care, after the example of King Francis, our predecessor, of good and praiseworthy memory, whose sins may God forgive, to see that literature and science should flourish in our Kingdom of France, and also in our town of Paris, where there are great numbers of persons who devote their daily labour and study thereto, and, as it is highly important for the citizens of a town that the music usually and commonly cultivated in a state should be subjected to certain laws, and the more so because that the minds of most men are formed and directed by it, in such wise that where music is neglected, manners are apt to degenerate, and where it is properly regulated, men are of good morals. For these reasons, and after having seen the petition addressed to our privy council, and sent in by our well-beloved and trusty J. A. de Baif, and J. T. de Courville, which sets forth that, for three years, with great industry and persevering labour, they have worked together for the improvement of the French language, which may be applied both to the construction of poetry and to the nature and regulation of music, as those arts were cultivated in former times by Greeks and Romans. With the wish that I may multiply for them the grace which God has shown them, I hereby permit them to establish, on the model of the Ancients, an Academy or Society, consisting as well of composers, singers, and performers upon musical instruments, as of worthy auditors, which Academy shall not only be a nursery, whence we shall one day obtain poets and musicians, but which shall also profit the public. CHARLES."

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

BOOSEY & Co.—"Blue Eyes," song, by J. L. Molloy; "Maiden Hair Valse," by J. B. Kiehe; "Other days," by Gollmick; "Rose et Papillon," by F. Boscovitz; "Chant du Soir," by F. Boscovitz; "The Galateo Waltz," by Brunette; "When I was young and fair," ballad, by Claribel; "The Passing Bell," sacred song, by Claribel; "The Musical Cabinet," No. 112, Mozart's opera, "Don Juan;" "Boosey's Sacred Musical Cabinet," No. 1, Sacred Songs by Claribel. LONGMANS & Co.—"Part-Music for Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass." Edited by John Hullah. Sacred Series, Part 11.

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"So far as we know this is the Op. 1 of a young lady who, for the sake of the well-known literary name she bears, and for her own undeniable talents, will be heartily welcomed into the ranks of song composers. By the issue of the work before us, Miss Coyne has bidden boldly for public favour. Six songs of a more or less ambitious character, to words translated by herself, are pretty well for a first attempt; but, we are happy to say, the result proves that the youthful composer and translator did not overrate her powers in either capacity."—*Musical World*.

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